

He: You know, I kind of like having you trapped like this.

She: Why?

He: Now you have to listen to my jokes. Usually when I try to tell you a joke, you're running around the house looking for the stapler.

She: I hear you, though.

He: Oh, I know, but you don't lie down and laugh.

She: Well, all right, tell me a joke now.

He: Naw, comedian's through- he's just the warmup bit for me! The big lead singer bit! (Becomes Tony Bennett type) Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, welcome again to the Cozy Corner. We're havin' a hip time, kicks and all that- pardon me while I loosen my tie-

She: Who are you supposed to be?

He: I don't know, but they all loosen their tie.

She: They all fling their arms back on their high notes, too-

He: Like this? (Strives mightily)

She: Maybe you'd better tell me jokes.

He: I've *been* telling you jokes.

She: I can't lie down and laugh now anyway.

He: Honey, is there anything I can do out here? Start supper or anything? Peel potatoes? Clean the insecticide off the artichokes? Stuff the apple in the wild boar's mouth? Broach a keg of mead?

She: No, I'll do all that in a minute.

He: All that, in one minute?

She: (*Tickled*) You must be starved.

He: (*On his knees-pleading for mercy*) Why must I be starved? What have I done to be starved?

She: You must have been drinking on the train.

He: Is that any reason to starve me? (*Stands up*) How did you know I was drinking on the train?

She: That "broach a keg of mead" bit.

He: My wife has woman's intuition and painter's colic. What in hell persuaded you to paint this room?

She: (*Evasive*) Well ... don't you think it needed it?

He: It's always needed it.

She: Well, now it's got it.

He: Well, what in hell persuaded you to paint it cobalt blue?

She: It's not cobalt.

He: This isn't just some scheme to keep me away from you, is it? I mean, you're not growing cold to my caress?

She: I don't know. Am I?

He: Not noticeably. But if I'm troubling Madame too often-

She: (*Not liking this "bit" a bit*) Stop, silly.

He: I don't know, maybe you're trying to tell me something.

She: I'll throw a paint can at you.

He: Nyah-nyah. Might scratch the floor.

She: What a terrible thing to say.

He: Well, maybe I'm a poor lover.

She: I'll be the judge of that, thank you.

He: (*Warming to the "bit"*) I mean, when I approach you-I hope that's the right Marriage Manual term, "approach" -you seldom, if ever, hop up and down and run around dancing for joy like in the movies.

She: They don't do it much in the movies anymore, either.

He: We could try it sometime.

She: When you tell a joke I'm supposed to lie down and when you make love I'm supposed to get up and run around.

He: Good Lord! I've got it backwards.

She: You certainly have.